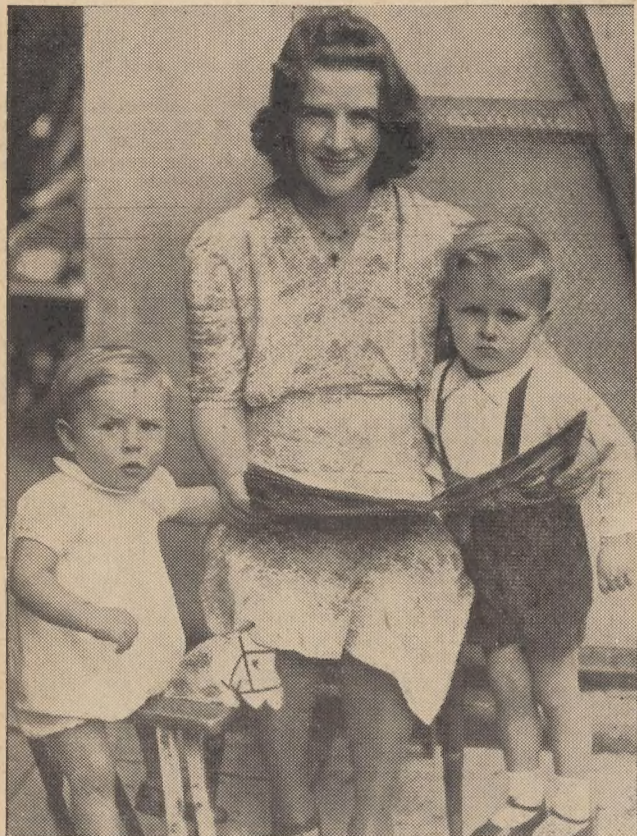


Good Morning 734

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



L. Steward John Hill—Here's a picture and a puzzle

WE feel sure that this picture is going to give no end of pleasure to Leading Steward John Edward Hill, of 26a, Chetwynd Road, Southsea.

For this reason: it will be the first glimpse he has had of his wife and family since Malcolm—the serious little chap on the horse—was about a fortnight old. He is now sixteen months.

Robert is just over three years old, but his father has only seen him about three times during the war.

Well, John, what do you think of the boys now? Grown beyond all expectations, eh? But a pair to be proud of, we'll say. And we can assure you that they are not quite such sobersides as they appear!

After all, it was about the first time they had ever faced up to a photographer like ours, and he got them in quite a brown study! But your wife was only too happy to gather them round her so that you could have a real picture from home.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is:
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.1.

And they do make a delightful group, don't they, John?

Malcolm loves his horse—he calls it his "pony gee-gee"—and Bobbie is interested in picture-books. They are both very fond of their toys, and your wife must have spent a lot on them, one way and another.

Now that Southsea Beach is open again, the boys like to get down there with a bucket and spade, and, of course, Malcolm has to prove that he is as big a man as his brother.

The children's playground at Wimbledon Park, Southsea, is another favourite spot of theirs. Malcolm is not yet big enough to take it all in, but you should hear Bobbie's happy shouts as he enjoys himself on the swings, the slide, the rocking horse, and the roundabouts.

Your wife generally takes them out twice a day when the weather is fine, and the rest of the time they play in the garden. You can see they are well looked after.

Mrs. Hill told us that when she went to stay with your Mother and Dad at Caerphilly they just idolised the boys, and we can well believe it!

Incidentally, we don't quite know how you are going to settle one little argument which has developed between them.

You see, your wife has a couple of photos in her bedroom. Malcolm says "That's my Daddy" to the one on the mantelpiece, and Bobbie says, "That's my Daddy" to the other on the table!

Anyhow, we reckon it's going to be much more exciting for the pair of them when they have their Daddy in person about the house again.

Which brings us to your wife's message—"Tell him we shall be glad to see him back again. We hope he will be home by Christmas."

Well, John, we hope so, too. Won't the kiddies have a grand time, then!

C. N. Doran's secret agents series "Beware of Such Women"

Spy was Submarine Chief's Pin-up Girl

CELL No. 12 in the St. Lazare prison became quite famous during (and after) the last war. It was in this cell that Mati Hari lived before she was executed. It was in this cell that Madame Steinheil was kept, and it was here that Madame Caillaux spent some time.

And it was from Cell No. 12 that Margarite Francillard stepped in January, 1917, to face a firing squad.

Although she was a native of Grenoble she was a German spy for a considerable time. She was very original in her method of getting military and naval news to Germany; but she was in some ways, artless too.

The fact is that she did more for the Allies than she did for the Germans, although she did not know that.

To begin with she was a very good needlewoman. It was this fact that the German spy system seized on and turned to their advantage, as they thought. She was to travel about, carrying a basket of her goods, doing little jobs for anybody who needed sewing done, making dresses, helping soldiers who needed buttons and darning done.

When she learned her code—which was changed every fortnight she was sent off from Savoy. She went to Paris, then to military centres.

She visited the big ports, and made herself useful among naval ratings and with officers.

They all thought that Margarite was a pleasant little seamstress, working for France. She spoke often of her fiancé who lived in Geneva and asked many officers how she could get there.

Some of them told her, and she was never questioned when she arrived at the frontier and went across the border "to visit her fiancé."

An officer in a French submarine became very fond of her and told her one day that he would like her to stay in France and he would marry her. But Margarite replied that she was so much in love with her fiancé in Geneva that she would never think of hurting him.

BY SUBMARINE.

Then, in her "innocence" she asked if a submarine could take her to Switzerland! That was a great joke, and the officer—Commander Bouchard told it to his friends in a café in Havre.

And just here is the lesson and the moral for submariners and indeed for everybody in the Services.

Seated at the table listening to Commander Bouchard's story, was a visitor to the port, a naval officer named Louvry. He was in Havre, he had explained, to see about the provisioning of ships, and when the party broke up at the café he accompanied Bouchard back to the submarine to talk over stores and equipment.

Once aboard the submarine he visited Bouchard's quarters and there saw the picture of Margarite stuck up on the wall.

Margarite was Bouchard's pin-up girl.

Louvry stood looking at the picture so long that Bouchard asked him if he knew her; and Louvry shook his head. He was just interested, he said.

When he was finished talking about stores Louvry went away, but he walked straight to a house in Havre and entered it.

Seated in a room was another naval officer.

"I have found her," said Louvry. "I have found the spy who is taking information to the Germans via Switzerland."

For the fact was that Louvry was not a naval officer at all, although he was so attired. He was in the French Secret Service.

Bouchard was watched when he met Margarite; and Margarite was watched when she left Bouchard. She could have been arrested on suspicion of questioning, but the Secret Service does not work that way.

Margarite was allowed to pass the frontier several times and visit Geneva; but every time she passed she was followed, and every movement checked.

It was found that she was in constant touch with the German agents in Switzerland. In this way the German agents were discovered and carefully followed in turn.

Four of them were ultimately arrested when they crossed into France, and never returned to Geneva. They were tried and executed.

Margarite thus was an involuntary betrayer of the German agents.

But she must have become suspicious at the disappearance of her German agents, for once after she crossed the frontier she disappeared. The agent for France who was following her saw her go into a shop.

He entered also, but she was too quick for him. She was lost in the crowd. The French then knew that Margarite was on the alert.

They managed, however, to

gain access to the lodgings she had stayed at, and there, among other things, they found code messages sewn into the linings of garments, socks, and even buttonholes.

Invisible ink was used to write messages in the new linings of pockets. The French held these bits of evidence; but they did not find Margarite—not then.

It was a rash act that revealed her many months later. A postcard, posted in Paris, giving an address in the Latin Quarter, was addressed to a house in Geneva.

It so happened that that house had been under observation by French agents there. The censors in Paris stopped the postcard and turned it over to the police.

FINAL SCENE.

A detective watched the small hotel in the Latin Quarter. He saw a little old woman leave one day and go to a restaurant not far off. He



"Blimey! The Admiral's thorough, ain't 'e?"

Will You Leave Your Card?

Angela Simone says it may be valuable

VISITING cards? You may brand them as pre-war signs of suburban snobbery. Perhaps the paper shortage will forever obviate the notion that "calling" and "leaving cards" are necessary adjuncts of making friends with neighbours.

Most people "left our card" for the last time in 1939, and the snobbery's gone for ever. But the visiting cards remain as collector's objects—and I count myself among a band of cartophilists who have made collections of old visiting cards for the past 150 years!

Many of these cards are valuable.

In my collection I have the cards of Shelley, the poet, and Lady Caroline Lamb, Beau Brummel, Gladstone and many other celebrities.

Real "finds" are valuable, but if you hunt around among friends, libraries and junk and antique shops you may still pick up cards that are worth a lot of money. Stationers' shops in old country towns, and similar haunts are likely sources of old cards.

Don't be surprised if some of your best "visiting" cards are really old playing cards with legends scrawled on the backs.

Plain white cards as we know them to-day were not invented over 180 years ago.

Before then, invitations to balls and parties were written across the backs of playing cards, which in those days were made with a white reverse, and with no intricate pattern.

Thus in the days of Pope and Lady Montagu, a society woman would be apt to use a red playing card—a Queen of Hearts for ordinary social purposes, while an amorous beau inscribed his name and the

most tender of enquiries on the back of the Jack of Spades.

In my files of cards are some old playing cards on which saucy jests and sketches have been written. It was a big step from that sort of card to the plain white address card as sent by Lady Caroline Lamb.

These used to be called "tickets," and the earliest, like the letters of the time, carried the seals of the writers.

JOB LINE.

A visiting card, like the signs over shops, at first indicated a man's trade or profession. Scientific instruments adorned a doctor's card, while a miniature of a fight at sea proclaimed a naval officer's calling.

Sir Joshua Reynolds not only designed his own visiting "ticket," but distributed it so freely that even to-day his cards have a low collector's value.

Pictures of Paris and Rome are common on many of these old cards—and such a scenic view etched on the card displayed the writer's social background. In the Georgian era nearly everyone with pretension to culture went to Italy, and so passed through Paris. Both before and after the Napoleonic interdict, travelling on the continent was a rage.

The well-bred Englishman spoke French and Italian—and when he came home to society again he had an Italian or French scene engraved on his "ticket," as part of his passport to society.

Cards in my collection were handed to friends by the Duchess of Devonshire (in 1818); by the portrait painter

Sir Thomas Lawrence; and by the Countess Guiccioli—a beautiful woman who did so much to retrieve Lord Byron's dissipated life in Venice.

If you collect cards like these you will need a scrap-book with fairly large blank pages. Many cards have interesting legends or bits of gossip inscribed on the reverse side, so it is a good plan not to paste them in, but to attach each with a tiny slip of transparent adhesive cellophane or stamp-paper.

WORTH MONEY.

A piece of flimsy should be lightly gummed to protect the surface, as inked or pencilled inscriptions over 100 years old may rub.

If you find a card which is a gem, but in a dirty condition, rub it gently with dry bread-crumbs. If it is not badly torn, leave it in its original condition, as a "mint-condition" card is worth far more to another collector.

These cards to a non-collector are mere curiosities, and you may pick them up for only a few shillings. In the exchange market among serious collectors, a Gladstone visiting "ticket" may be worth between £3 3s. and £10 10s., while signed playing cards used as visiting "tickets" by Dickens, the Duke of Wellington, Fanny Kemble or some other celebrity, may be worth double that sum if you sell to another keen collector.

"Here's my card" in fact may mean quite a considerable sum of money in your pocket.

sat down at her table, entered into conversation, and was soon aware that here was Margarite, disguised; but Margarite beyond doubt.

Excusing himself for a minute he went to a telephone kiosk, rang up his chiefs, gave the information. He was ordered to keep her in conversation for an hour. That was all. He did it, supplying her with wine, making pretence that she reminded him of his old mother who lived in Savoy.

But during that dinner party other members of the secret service were ransacking her room at the mean hotel in the Latin Quarter. Documents were photographed, or copied, and then carefully replaced as they had been. There was evidence enough.

When Margarite left the Restaurant and returned to the hotel she found two policemen waiting for her. she was arrested.

It was found that she had taken a step upward in the spy business. She was by that time a centre around whom other spies clustered, bringing her information to be forwarded to Germany. She had quite a number of neutrals working for her—Swedes, Greeks, Rumanians and others. Their names were all disclosed.

She did not deny the charges. She had no defence. She never flinched when sentence of death was passed on her. She occupied her time in prison doing needlework.

And then on that fatal January morning she stood at the stake in Vincennes, and the firing squad rid France, and the Allies, of one more woman of the type sailors and others should beware.

LOLA MONTEZ WAS A BLOOD-MIXTURE

TO get to know who Lola Montez really was nearly drove me nuts.

History has it she was Marie-Dolores-Elizabeth-Rosanna Gilbert, the daughter of an Irish ensign of good family in the 44th foot (in basic English, one of the P.B.I.), who in a misguided moment married a Creole dancer named Lola Oliver, and be damned to his old man!

Lola herself said her Ma was

an Oliver of Castle Oliver, offspring of a Spanish noble family with a few quarts of Moorish blood coursing inside 'em. Some mixture! Irish Spanish and Moorish blood all in one can!

No wonder they turned the hose on Lola when she really got going!

Even the date of her birth is phony. Some say it occurred in Limerick in 1818; others have it Lola first began to

chuck her weight about in 1824. Reaching her teens, after the hose had been turned on time after time, Lola eloped with a hero, one Captain James, a bloke who guzzled porter till the cows come home and slept like a boa-constrictor.

This human alcoholic snake lost control of Lola in no time, being outclassed by a braver man, a Captain Lennox, who said he was crazy to marry her.

Crazy? The man could have walked straight into Colney Hatch unattended and no questions asked.

This looney's family, sweating with the straight-jacket, finally got him to see things in a clear light, and the project was abandoned. Captain Lennox, in his saner moments, should have got down on his praying mat and thanked the Gods!

Lola, taking this on the chin, next turned up at Her Majesty's Theatre, starred in big lights as "Lola Montez," Spanish dancer. The Press boys did a good job.

On the first night the place was crowded. Everything

looked like being hunkydory till a cry-baby, a certain Lord Ranelagh, all eye-glass and dress shirt, spotted the ginger-bread beneath the gilt and blew the fuse.

'Why, it's Betty James!' he blathered, and with that Lola had had it.

By Jack Greenall

But she was a trier, I'll give her that. She worked that act all over Europe, till Europe got tired of both the act and Lola.

Time and time again she was told she couldn't dance. What happened to the tellers when the mixed can of blood got on the boil one can but guess.

Lola really was a terror, take it from me, never mind what your Uncle Jim says.

I read of bad language, horse-whippings, boxed ears and pistol shots, ugly faces pulled from the foot-lights, and silken garters chucked at the audience!

Personally I think you got your money's worth when you went to see Lola!

While she was giving Paris what-for, she met a journalist, M. Dujarrier, who didn't last long. A brother ink-slinger rubbed him out in a duel, Lola cashing in big on this to the tune of 20,000 francs.

One wonders how the late M. Dujarrier had managed to hang on to this after knowing Lola.

Spending a few of the 20,000 smackers on black silk and lace, Lola next met Ludwig the First, of Bavaria, and believe me, Ludwig was a cove who wanted watching, a lot of watching. He was eccentric, or screwy, wore a cut-away coat buttoned up so tight he was constantly in grave danger of smothering, tight trousers and gaiters and a shapeless hat!

Five days after he had met her he was calling her "his best friend"! Within a month, now Lola-mad, he created her Countess of Landsfeld, and threw in a posh house with a pension of 20,000 florins.

Something tells me he'd have parted with the shapeless hat too if only Lola had asked him.

This state of affairs got the goat of one Von Abel, who slept at the Ministry. Did that man create? Did he get his ginger up? A fat lot of good it did him.

Lola got the gloves out and in no time Von Abel was through the ropes and counted out. Lola handing his portfolio to a certain Prince Wallerstein, a kind of Royal door-mat.

She was far from being a buddy to the local peasantry. Maybe the pension of 20,000 florins ranked, anyway her name was Mud. They'd had

too much Lola, weren't Lola minded.

Prince Wallerstein took their side, the rat, and demanded her banishment. Bavaria had had as much of Lola as it could stand, he said. Ludwig couldn't see eye to eye with Bavaria on the issue, and argued and cussed till his shapeless hat wobbled.

He loved his Lola, he said, and began to inspect his gun-room. "I would rather lose my crown," he raved. The wonder to me is he hadn't lost it before then, the way he'd been carrying on.

Ludwig out-classed, finally threw in the sponge, a decree was read ordering Lola to be arrested and carried to the nearest fortress.

Carried is the right word; they'd never have got her there any other way. But Lola was up and away, reaching England in 1849.

Back in England Lola met a cornet in the Life Guards, a stripling of twenty-one, George Trafford Heald, and married him before he was a day older, forgetting in the rush to tell him she was married already. How things like this slip one's memory!

A summons for bigamy followed, and Lola quick on the up-take, hopped it to Spain, George hanging on.

It is said they had two children before he was accidentally drowned at Lisbon.

America next had a basinful of Lola, then Australia, where she married again as well as having a free-for-all in a tough joint with a female Tarzan, Lola being carried out feet first!

After this she went to the dogs and died of paralysis at forty-three. Moral, never mix blood.

THE END



"It looks as though someone is trying to civilise somebody or something!"

QUIZ for today

1. What name is given to a group of mares?
2. Which English cathedral has its belfry and tower separate from the main building?
3. What is the highest mountain in England and Wales?
4. What does "hithe" mean in place-names like Rotherhithe?

5. What shape is the head of a niblick, and of what is it made?

6. Who composed "Alexander's Ragtime Band"?

Answers to Quiz in No. 733

1. A rag of colts.
2. Canterbury.
3. Scafell.
4. Meadow.
5. Three.
6. Badminton is not played with a ball; others are.

True or False?

THAT ROAST BEEF IS THE TRADITIONAL DISH OF ENGLAND.

ASKED to name the traditional dish of England for dinner, it is certain that most foreigners and many Britons would name roast beef—with or without Yorkshire pudding! The fame of the "roast beef of old England" is celebrated in song.

Unfortunately, the idea that our ancestors lived on roast beef is a myth. They probably ate it very rarely, if at all.

Mutton, venison and pork were much commoner meats, and the cattle of the Middle Ages certainly would not have supplied the splendid joints we have to-day—or had until the war!

Most of the meat eaten was salted. There were no refrigerators to keep meat, and no means of storing cattle through the winter with prepared feeding stuffs as we do to-day.

Roast beef when it did appear in the autumn must have been a luxury.

An interesting record of the food eaten four centuries ago is recorded in the "Household Book" of the 5th Earl of Northumberland, early in the 16th century. The household was noted for its good table, but the only beef mentioned is veal. The 647 sheep used in the year were all salted.

Fresh meat was apparently sometimes served at the upper table, but the servants always had salted meat.

Salt pork was the staple food at sea, until comparatively recent times. Roast beef seems first to have become popular towards the end of the 17th century, and Charles II, who liked a good table, is said to have made it a "national dish."

There is an anecdote of this monarch that he lightly touched a joint of beef with his sword and created it Sir Loin!

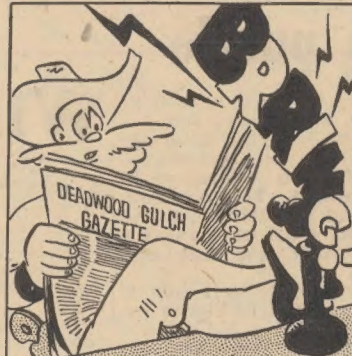
It was during the 18th and 19th centuries that meat became the prime article of diet in Britain, and particularly roast beef. With the 20th century came a new national dish—fish and chips. To-day fish for this purpose takes nearly half the annual catch, and is probably a more typically English food than roast beef.

Alex Again

The young man went down on his knees, and, taking her hand in his, said: "Darling, I love you. Please say you'll marry me. I'm not like Smith—I haven't a car, or a fine house, or a well-stocked cellar. But I can't live without you."

Two soft arms stole around his neck, two ruby lips whispered in his ear. "And I love you, too, darling—er—where does this man Smith live?"

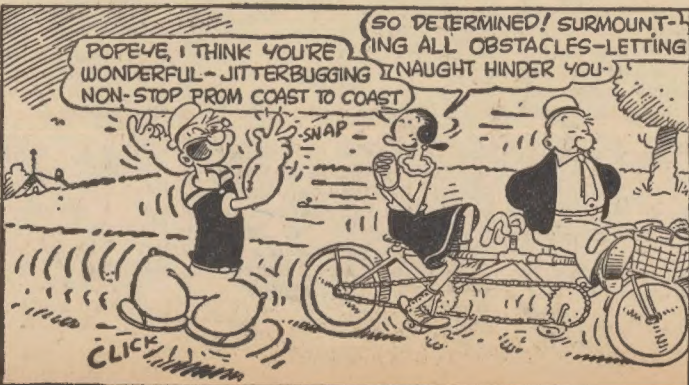
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



This Hara-Kiri Business

GENERAL SLIM, commander of the 14th Army, who probably knows more about the Japanese as fighters than any man, has said they are "soldier-ants" who kill their own wounded, and kill themselves when they have all hope of victory. General Slim knows. At the time comes the news from America, where Jap prisoners are inside barbed wire, that these prisoners are regarded as dead by their own people. They write letters to their ancestors and then burn the letters. They are dead to Japan.

One of the Japanese leaders has stated that if the Allies invade Japan and are victorious there will be mass suicide of the Japanese

nation. They will commit Hara-Kiri by communities. Submariners who are likely to be facing Japs at close quarters in Japan's sea will know their enemy all the better if the truth about this Hara-Kiri be told. For there is a great deal of misunderstanding about the code.

To begin with, as one who has lived in Japan and knows something of their beliefs, I can say definitely that the Japanese look on victory or death in battle with just the same sense of the joy of life as other soldiers and sailors. Really, the custom of Hara-Kiri or Seppuku, was originally a form of execution used in crimes of a particularly heinous kind; and the crimes for which death was the penalty were mostly of an anti-national character.

IN STYLE.

For instance, treason, sedi-

tion, disloyalty to the Emperor or State were punished by Hara-Kiri. The act was performed at a very elaborate ceremony for which there was careful preparation. The scene

Explained by Clifford Rhodes

was usually set as if for a stage play and was the main hall of a temple.

Special mats were laid down, and the central drama was operated surrounded by screens and curtains.

The witnesses were assembled, and the central figure, that is, the criminal to commit Hara-Kiri, was arrayed

in flowing costume, generally of Court appearance. He was attended by two squires.

He sat on a mat, and the account of his crimes was read out by a public official. When this was ended, he was asked if he wished to convey any message to his kindred after his death. He usually agreed, and made a short speech of farewell, thanking the judges for the opportunity.

He was then presented with a dirk, or short sword. He threw off his robes and appeared stripped to the waist, and with a flourish he inflicted two wounds upon his abdomen, one horizontal, the other perpendicular.

The name Hara-Kiri comes from the two Japanese words, Hara, the stomach, and Kiri, being the verb "to cut." It meant complete disembowelment.

Immediately the act took place, the principal squire drew a long sword and cut off the man's head with one blow.

This explains what to West-

erners was regarded as a terrible crime when some American prisoners were treated to having their heads cut off at the beginning of this war against Japan.

The Japs actually thought it was an honourable way of inflicting death on the enemy, by recognising their bravery.

They could not understand how an enemy would desire to live after being taken prisoner.

It was for the same reason that recently a number of Japanese officers and a General were found by the Americans propped up against a wall on the island of Okinawa—all dead, having killed themselves.

The whole thing arises from the spirit of "Budo," one of the ancient teachings of old Japan, to the effect that, while holding life dear, the Jap gives it gladly to the nation as the greatest gift of all, the supreme sacrifice.

In the case of private Hara-Kiri, the act is always preceded by a lengthy ceremony of prayer

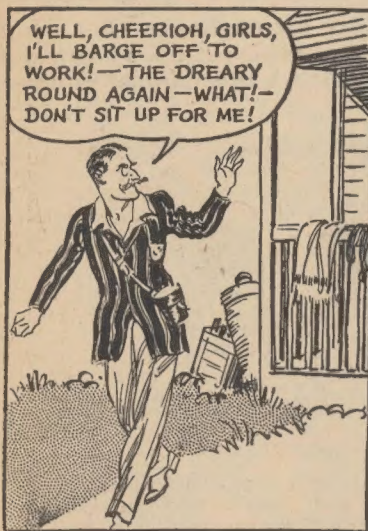
Wangling Words No. 673

1. Behead the front and get a mineral.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: oigaraownthesieoffthegaren.
3. Name one county in England and one in Wales which can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines.
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He would walk twenty miles and — to complain of his —.

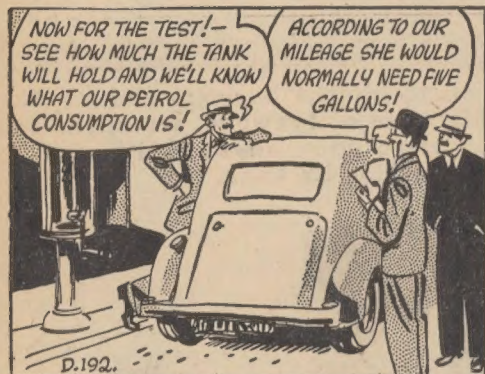
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 672

1. S-tint.
2. Susan has several sons at sea.
3. MATTHEW.
4. Score, cores.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

ANY of you boys got an ivory model of H.M.S. "Venerable"—flagship of Admiral Duncan who won the Battle of Camperdown in 1797?

The Rev. Edgar Stogdon, former Harrow School Master, and now Vicar of Harrow, is searching for it. He saw it a good many years ago, snug in a glass case.

Reason he wants it? His late wife was a great-grand-daughter of the Admiral. If it's about, still, he'll probably get it. He was at school with Winston, and picked up a point or two on perseverance.

NO names—because we don't know them. But the Things People Do! In a year, 3,500 mirrors have been smashed or stolen in L.N.E.R. trains.

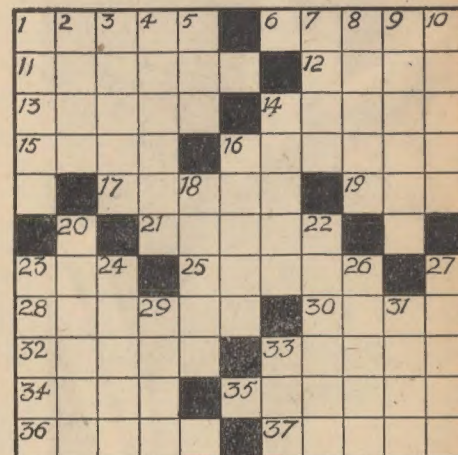
D.N.K.B.

Heard This Before?

A preacher, faising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralysed with amazement to see his rude offspring in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse-chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "You 'tend to yo' preachin', daddy; I'll keep 'em awake."

CROSS-WORD CORNER

A PASSING M
CLIME LEAVE
CAPITULATES
EVER P THIS
NET TOE ENA
T THINNER G
SPEAR TASTE
O VAVES R
BIPED REMIT
ALONE ELOPE
NUT SAD PEG



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Bumpkins. 6 Conditions. 11 Good name. 12 Oaf. 13 Girl's name. 14 Produce. 15 Groove. 16 Bracelet. 17 Well known. 19 Wild fruit. 21 Wanders. 23 Entreat. 25 Discourage. 28 Ox. 30 Money. 32 Fresh supply. 33 Style of architecture. 34 Past. 35 Of the sea. 36 Distasteful. 37 Colour.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Engrave. 2 Rest lazily. 3 Vegetable. 4 Treat medically. 5 Girl's name. 7 Vivacity. 8 Uneven. 9 Cotton fabric. 10 Soak. 14 Naval student. 16 Slope. 18 A date. 20 Gin. 22 Reliable. 23 Noble. 24 Boy's name. 26 Circle spokes. 27 Number. 29 Trading centre. 31 Lay. 33 Small flap.

Good Morning



THIS ISLAND RACE OF SEAFARERS.

What more pleasant than to stand in the sunshine, painting a boat! "Messing about with boats"—that's the Englishman's heritage—that's the occupation which makes him happiest.



THE DAILY DOZEN.

Streamlined Julie Bishop does a spot of tummy-reducing on the seat of a chair. We don't know whether she also does a spot of seat-reducing on her tummy—but, if she does, we'll willingly send our photographer along, the lucky dog!



45-STONE FIREMAN JUST SITS ON FIRES! This outsize in fire-fighters hails from New London, Connecticut, U.S.A. What we want to know is—who makes his ladders?



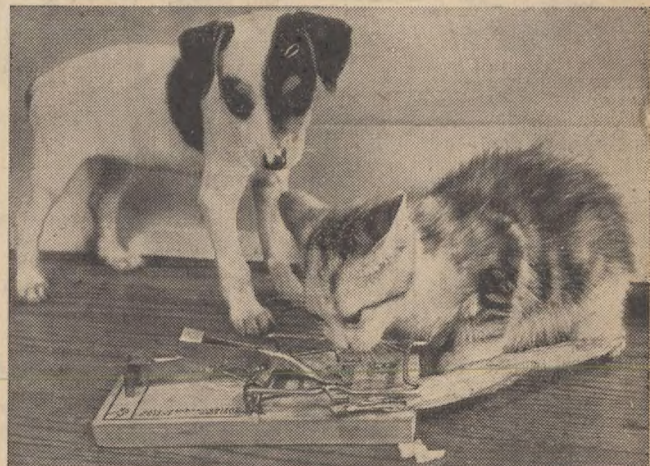
THE DOG LIKED CHEESE



"Hmm! I like a nice bit of cheese. But there's something phoney about this set-up. I know what that contraption is—it's a mechanical mouser."



"Now, if I could hit the business end of that trap with this piece of firewood, we might get some place. Here goes, anyway—I'll give it one for its knob."



"Well, I'll be dog-gorned! What does she think I am—a cat's paw? That cat's got a lot of nerve to step right in and pinch the food out of a fellow's mouth."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



FROTH-BLOWER No. 1.

"Why, man, he's no ordinary blower, he's a blinking hurricane. Give him a pot of wallop, and he'll puff and he'll puff and he'll blow the froth off. The big bad wolf's got nothing on him!"